

BIG 52 PAGES OF EXCITING ADVENTURES IN FULL COLOR

Gabby Hayes

Western

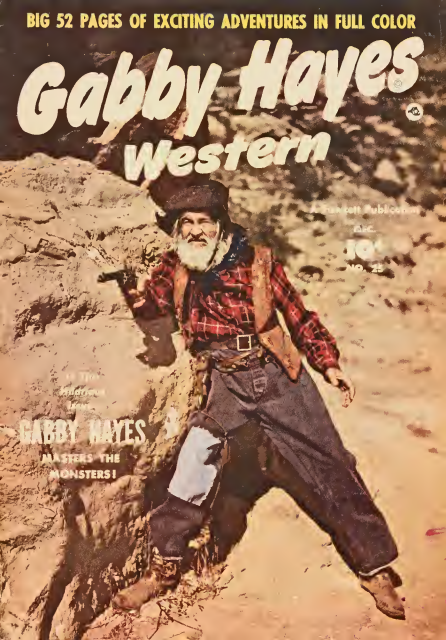
A Fawcett Publication

1966

10¢
NO. 25

IN THE
MAGAZINE
SERIES
GABBY HAYES

MASTERS THE
MONSTERS!

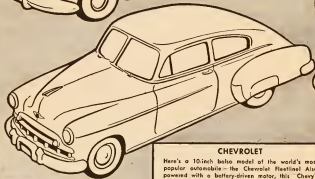


HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as A-B-C. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

"Rocky" Lane BAGS THE GOLD BANDITS

OH, OH, BLACKJACK!
LOOKS LIKE MORE
TROUBLE!

"ROCKY" LANE and BLACK JACK—top action
Western team at Republic Pictures. See
this famous pair at your favorite movie.

BANDITS
HOLDING UP
GOLD STAGE
NEAR BIG
SMOKEY
SMELTER!

HA! TEN BARS O'
PURE GOLD. LET'S
MAKE TRACKS FOR
THE BORDER!

THEY'LL GO FOR THE
BORDER. I'LL TAKE
SUICIDE PASS
AND HEAD
EM OFF.

THERE THEY COME.
WE'LL STRING A ROPE
ACROSS DEATH
BEND CURVE.

"Rocky" spots Gold Stage
carrying heavy gold bars
roaring toward the border.

THEY WON'T SEE THAT
ROPE UNTIL THEY'RE
ATOP IT. WE'LL GET
EM BY SURPRISE.

IT'S ALL OVER BOYS COME
REAL PEACEFUL LIKE.

THERE'S A BIG
REWARD FOR
THEM CRITTERS.
"ROCKY."

THE REWARD I
WANT IS A SMOOTH,
REFRESHIN'
CARNATION
MALT.

The gold safe, the grateful owner of
Big Smokey Smelter treats "Rocky"
to a Carnation Malt.

SINGLE-HANDED,
"ROCKY," HOW DID
YOU DO IT?

EASY! I KEEP UP MY
STRENGTH WITH THESE
GOOD CARNATION
MALTS

DRINK MY FAVORITE,
CARNATION MALTED MILK.
SWELL TASTIN' AND CHUCK
FULL OF ENERGY AND
MUSCLE-BUILDING FOOD.
THEY'RE A CINCINCH TO
MAKE RIGHT AT HOME
ANYTIME. ASK YOUR MOM
TO GET CARNATION
MALTED MILK TODAY.

TWO FLAVORS
Chocolate and Natural
in thirty 3-1/2 oz. jars.



DRUGS

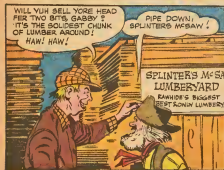


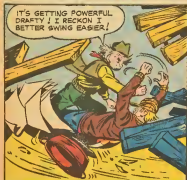
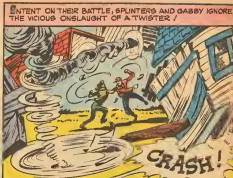
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LA RUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
ROD CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • SMILEY BURNETTE WESTERN

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President













WHAT HAPPENED? WE JUST DOZED OFF!

TAKE CHARGE, FRED! I GOT SOME -UH--SERIOUS BUSINESS TO LOOK INTO!



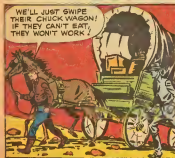
Soon--

LOOK AT THOSE LOGS PILING UP! THAT PHONY HYPNOTIST FAILED! WE GOT TO ACT OURSELVES!



HOW CAN WE STOP THOSE WADDIES, SPLINTERS? THEY'RE WORKING LIKE FURY!

THEY'RE WORKING UP A BIG APPETITE! ALL WE GOT TO DO IS STEAL THEIR VITTLES!



WE'LL JUST SWIPE THEIR CHUCK WAGON! IF THEY CAN'T EAT, THEY WON'T WORK!



INSIDE THE CHUCK WAGON, GABBY TAKES CARE OF HIS 'SERIOUS BUSINESS'....

ZZZZZZ



MEANWHILE...

WE'RE PLUMB STARVED! WHERE'S THE VITTLES, FRED?

I--I DON'T KNOW! THE CHUCK WAGON'S GONE!



CONSNERN IT, WE CAN'T WORK ON EMPTY STOMACHS! GET US GRUB OR WE QUIT!

STICK AROUND, MEN! I KNOW GABBY WON'T LET US DOWN!

GABBY FINALLY AWAKENS!

HAW! HAW! I BEAT GABBY HAYES THIS TIME! THE OLE GLUTTON'S GOING TO GO HUNGRY FOR ONCE!



YUH LOWDOWN COYOTES! MY MEN ARE STILL GOING TO GET THEIR VITTLES!

GABBY! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D BE WITH THE GRUB!



STOP HIM!
HE CUT THE
WAGON
LOOSE!



WAHOOO!
THERE SHE GOES!
STRAIGHT BACK
TO CAMP!



LOOK!
OUR
CHUCK
WAGON!
WE EAT!

WHEW! JUST
IN TIME! RECKON
WE'LL FINISH THIS
LUMBER DRIVE
AFTER ALL!



GABBY IS CAPTURED BY
SPLINTER'S MEN, BUT THE
LUMBERING JOB CARRIES ON
SUCCESSFULLY...

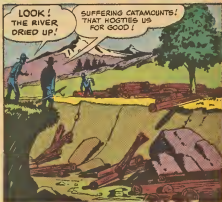
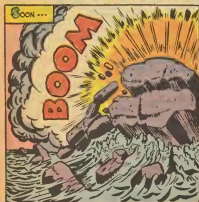
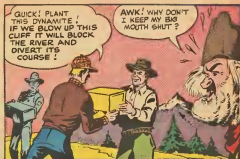
GRRR! THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH
LOGS PILED UP ON THE BANK
TO REBUILD THE WHOLE TOWN!
ALL THEY GOT TO DO IS FLOAT
THEM DOWN THE RIVER!
I'LL BE RUINED!



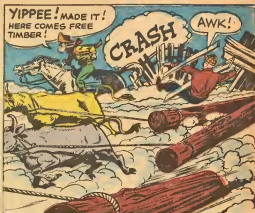
IF YUH HAD
ANY SENSE
YOU WOULD
HAVE CHANGED
THE FLOW OF
THE RIVER!

HMMM...YES,
THE RIVER'S
THE ONLY WAY
TO TRANSPORT
THE LOGS!











**LOCO
LEW**

The
W R Y P I N G

HEY, LOCO LEW, WHAT ARE
YUH DOING STANDING
HYAR ON THIS
LONELY ROAD?

I'M
A-WAITING
TILL BONES
RIDES BY!
AND WHEN HE
DOES I'M GOING
TO GIVE THE
VARMINT THE
BEATING OF HIS
LIFE!



(GRRR) I'LL KNOCK HIS
TEETH OUT-- GIVE HIM
TWO OF THE WORST BLACK
EYES YUH EVER SAW --
FLATTEN HIS NOSE ALL
OVER HIS FACE--BUST
HIS JAW--BREAK HIS ARM
-- AND KNOCK HIM
INTUH THE HOSPITAL!
(GRRR)



HUH? IT'S FOUR O'CLOCK! BUCK SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HERE AN HOUR AGO! AND THAR'S NOT
A SIGHT OF HIM!



GOSH, I HOPE NOTHING'S
HAPPENED TUH HIM!



COMING COMIC ATTRACTIONS

DIRECTLY FROM TELEVISION TO YOU!



MAN ALL BATTLE
STATIONS!
PREPARE
DEPTH
CHARGES!

A TORPEDO'S
HEADED OUR
WAY! GIVE US
A FULL HEAD
OF STEAM!



THERE SHE
IS--ONLY YARDS
AWAY! WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT, DON!

WE'VE
GOT TO
MAKE IT!



WILL THE DEADLY MISSILE FIND ITS
MARK? READ DON WINSLOW IN
THE FLYING SAUCER ATTACK!

10¢ SOON TO APPEAR AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

Hey
kids!

Get this exciting book of dog-training secrets
now revealed by

RINGLING BROS AND BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS!

Karlis Petersons, world-famous dog trainer with Ringling Bros Circus, tells you how to teach your own dog some of the breath-taking tricks his circus dogs perform. Petersons has astounded huge audiences on every continent in the world with his amazing dog acts!



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Brand new! You've never seen anything like it before! This new 24-page illustrated book contains 31 exciting tricks like somersaulting in the air... walking on front legs... jumping over hurdles! Every boy and girl who owns a dog needs this book. Ringling Bros' world-famous dog trainer says, "You can learn to train dogs quick-

ly just by following the simple instructions in this book. You'll learn how to have more fun with your dog, too!" Yes, kids, this is a great opportunity for you to teach clever tricks to your dog. You'll be the envy of all your friends! So don't delay! Send for your copy of this wonderful book now!

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FRAME-UP VICTIM

A Buck Desmond Story

By Dick Kraus



IT WAS a mean day on the Panhandle. Riding along, a poncho over his shoulders and a worn Stetson hat pulled down over his forehead, Buck Desmond squinted through the rain. As far as he could see, the hills ahead were gray and dour with a slanting downpour. Not far ahead, a soaked coyote trotted along the trail, his tail between his legs. A single black crow sat on the jagged limb of a dead cottonwood, not bothering to make an outcry at the oncoming rider.

"Even the coyotes and crows!" Buck muttered to himself, lips curling up in a reluctant grin. "Nobody likes this weather!"

Slowly, he fashioned a cigarette under his protecting poncho. With his left hand, he attempted to strike a match. Twice he tried, and the flame sizzled out in the downpour. Finally it caught, and he lit the wrinkled cigarette, watching the smoke wreath away in the slanting rain.

As he saw a rider a few hundred yards ahead, waiting by a crossroads of the trail, Buck kned his bay forward.

Loping toward the other man, Buck raised his hand in greeting. Seeing him coming, the rider spurred his horse toward him. As he approached, he called. "Howdy, Mister! I'm sure glad to see you! I'm Will Sommers, foreman of the Double-O ranch!"

Buck reined the bay in, to look Sommers over. He was a big, broad man, with a black, tightly pinched slouch hat, and muscles that bulged at the seams of his blue levis. And right now, he seemed to be a worried man!

"I don't know who you are, stranger," the Double-O foreman went on, "but you can sure lend me a hand. A bunch of rannies have been making raids on my cattle! I'm short-handed, and I'm riding into town to get the sheriff! But I'd sure appreciate it if you could wait here, to keep watch while I'm gone." He pointed back at a narrow arroyo opening that seemed to lead into a valley, a short distance from the crossroads. "I've got the Double-O cattle penned up in there, and the outlaws will be leery about making a play for them while I've got someone on guard."

Buck Desmond squinted, considering the deal.

"You mean you want to hire me?" he asked. "That's right!" Sommers nodded. "I said I was short-handed, and I'll be happy to sign you on as a cowpuncher. Your first job will be to keep watch on that arroyo opening, until I get back with the sheriff!"

IT SEEMED LIKE AN odd way to get a job! But Buck Desmond had held many a strange job in his years of riding the range—and he had gotten them in strange ways. And right now, he needed a job badly! So . . .

For perhaps two hours, he sat the bay, half-sheltered in the overhanging arroyo entrance. The rain continued to pour down, steadily and heavily, blotting out all but the immediate vicinity. After a while, Buck dismounted. Standing against the rock cliff-face, he shaped another smoke beneath his poncho and lit it again—with his left hand . . .

As he puffed at the acrid cigarette, Buck suddenly became aware of what seemed to be a sound behind him—a creeping, creaking sound!

Muscles tense, he whirled!

Coming down on him, he saw a heavy hand, clutching a blunt gun butt! Desperately he tried to duck, to avoid the blow! But it struck, and he reeled to the ground, black waves of pain shuddering through his body! There he lay, unconscious! And, as he lay there, the rain continued to beat down upon him . . .

The first thing Buck was aware of, as dim consciousness began to seep through the mist of pain, was the sound of a voice. It was a familiar voice. He had only heard it once before—but he remembered it. It was the voice of Will Sommers, foreman of the Double-O.

"First time I've seen the galoot, Sheriff!" Sommers was saying. "There he was, with his buddies. They were keeping watch, while he was branding the Double-O dogies! I rushed them—and the other gents skedaddled with the cattle! But this hombre didn't get away! I made sure of that!"

Slowly, tremblingly, Buck raised his left hand to his temple. As he touched it, a spasm of pain went through him, and he remembered the gun butt that had come slashing down

on him from behind! Painfully, he began to rise . . .

"Watch out!" he heard Sommers say. "He's coming to, Sheriff!"

Crouching, Buck opened his eyes. Standing before him, the rain still coming down on them, were two men. One was Will Sommers, his face grim and hostile. And the other was an older, white-haired man, who wore a sheriff's star on his corduroy vest.

"Get up!" the sheriff said. "Get up, Mister. You've got a heap of explaining to do . . ."

The lawman motioned toward Will Sommers. "This gent here," he said, "claims he found you and a bunch of other slicks making off with his cattle! They got away, he says—but you didn't! What have you got to say, afore I take you in?"

Buck wiped the rain from his forehead with his left hand.

"I—I can't rightly say . . ." Then he set his jaw. "Sheriff, Sommers here hired me a couple of hours ago! Claimed he wanted me to keep watch on this valley entrance—while he went for you! I did, but while I was waiting, I was sluggish from behind! If he says anything else, he's a blamed liar!"

The Double-O foreman laughed raucously.

"Me—hire him! A man I never saw?" He laughed again. "Does that make sense, Sheriff?" He pointed at the ground. There, sheltered by the cliff-face, were the ashes of a small fire. And, lying by it, was a branding iron—with what looked like a Double-O brand with some curlicues added. "There's the evidence! When I came along, like I said, the other rannies were on guard—and this critter was holding onto one of the Double-O dogies with his left hand and changing his brand with the other! If he hadn't been so busy, I never would have caught him! But the cattle are all gone, and their track is washed out in the rain and this is one of the outlaws that's responsible!"

Buck leaned forward. It began to make sense! "Sheriff," he said, "that's his story . . . and I think I see the picture! Here's the way it actually was! Sommers had to cover up for a parcel of missing cattle—and he needed a victim! He picked me, figuring my story would be so unlikely I'd never be able to get clear. But he made a mistake!"

The branding cowhand faced the big ranch foreman.

"So I was branding some dogies, eh?" he rasped. "How?"

"Like I said," the big man flushed. "You had them tied up—and you were holding them

down with your left hand and branding them with your right."

Buck grinned. "That's what I thought you said—and it makes me plumb happy!" Quickly, as the two men watched, he threw his poncho from his shoulders. His left hand was clear, but his right hand and arm were wrapped in splints and hung from a sling around his shoulder. "See this right arm?" he asked. "It was broken two days ago—and the doc in Newell City set it yesterday! I reckon he'll vouch for that! The splints haven't been touched! How in the name of glory, with this arm wrapped up like a mummy, could I have been branding a bellowing, kicking, squalling little maverick?"

Buck swung suddenly toward Sommers. "If you can answer that, your story might hold water! But you can't—and that proves the whole ruckus was a frame-up! Too bad you couldn't know about my arm."

The husky foreman swore suddenly and violently. His face twisted with fury, he lunged toward the rambling cowboy, fists swinging angrily! "Show me up, will you? Why, you blamed, port-sided, no-good—"

He was first in his rage, but Buck Desmond was even faster in his! Swerving quickly to the side, he thrust out a foot, throwing Sommers off balance, so the big foreman could not avoid a lightning-like blow to his jaw from Buck's left fist! Again and again Buck slammed mighty punches home, to Sommers' face, chest and stomach—and always with his left hand. Finally the crooked foreman went down and lay on the wet ground, breathing heavily.

The sheriff shook his head. "Stranger," he said, "I didn't like the sound of Sommers' story from the start. Seems to me I heard a tale about him losing some of his bosses' cattle gambling, and he probably figured that this was a way to shift the blame . . . pretending rustlers made off with them! But he sure picked the wrong fall guy!"

THE lawman looked at Buck's left arm with wondering respect. "If you can do that much with just one arm," he smiled, "what can you do with two?"

Buck grinned back. "I don't know," he replied. "In this case, I'm just as glad I just had one! If I had two . . . I might have been on my way to jail this minute!"

THE END

*Follow the exciting adventures of BUCK
DESMOND in every issue of CABBY HAYES
WESTERN.*



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NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

GABBY HAYES

and
the

MAD HATTER!

COWBOYS ARE FAMOUS FOR BUYING ONLY GOOD, EXPENSIVE HATS, SO THE WEST SHOULD BE IDEAL FOR ME --- BUT I HAVEN'T SOLD A HAT IN SIX MONTHS!

STEP UP, GENTS. SEE MY UNIQUE CREATIONS.

HUH! WHAT GOOD ARE THEM SILLY HATS FOR A COWPOKE?

Gabby has talked through gun battles, through stampedes, and all through the night --- but folks think he's just talking through his hat when he joins forces with Horace, THE MAD HATTER!



HERE'S MY UMBRELLA HAT, A HIGH DOME'D HAT WITH A LITTLE HANDLE! SUPPOSE YOU'RE TRAPPED BY A SUDDEN SHOWER OUT ON THE PRAIRIE!



ALL YOU DO IS POP OPEN THE UMBRELLA HAT, AND STAY SNUG AND DRY!

THAT'S STOOD! NO COW-POKE'S AFRAID OF RAIN!

LOOK! HERE'S THE EMERGENCY RATION HAT, MADE OF DRIED FOOD---YOU'LL NEVER STARVE! AND HERE'S THE HARD-TO-P HAT FOR GUN FIGHTS!



WON'T YOU BUY SOME? PLEASE, GIVE THEM A CHANCE!

HOGWASH! WE PAY HIGH PRICES FER HATS! NOT FOR LOCO GEAR LIKE THAT!



LET'S GO! THAT HOMBRE IS JUST A MAD HATTER!

IT'S THE SAME WHEREVER I GO! THEY ALWAYS LAUGH AT ME!



HOLD ON, PARDS! YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH OF STICK-IN-THE-MUDS! WHY IN TARNATION DON'T YUH GIVE NEW IDEAS A CHANCE!

YUH MIGHT KNOW GABBY WOULD LIKE THEM FOOL CONTRACTIONS!



DINGBUST IT, GIVE ME THEM HATS! I'LL DEMONSTRATE THAT THEY CAN BE POWERFUL HANDY--- FOR THEM WHAT HAS THE BRAINS TO USE 'EM!

DO YUH RECKON YUH GOT A HAT THAT CAN CAPTURE THE TRICKY TRIO, GABBY?



RECKON WE'LL NEED A MAGICAL HAT TO NAB THESE GALOOTS! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE!

WANTED
THE
TRICKY TRIO
HANK, FRANK
and
LANK BRAWLY
OUTLAWS DESCRIPTION
UNKNOWN -
\$1,000
REWARD

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE TRICKY TRIO LURK IN THE CROWD WATCHING GABBY!

HEH, HEH! NO ONE KNOWS US! IT'LL BE EASY TO PULL OUR NEXT HOLDUP HERE IN RAWHIDE!

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN FIRST WITH THAT HAIRY OLD WADDY!

WATCH CLOSE, EVERYBODY!

THIS LASSO HAT IS SO SIMPLE A CHILD CAN WORK IT! ALL YUH GOT TO DO IS YANK THIS KNOT!

HEH, HEH! I'LL TIP IT FORWARD, SO THE ROPE WILL GO AROUND HIS FOOL NECK!

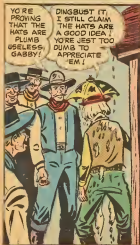
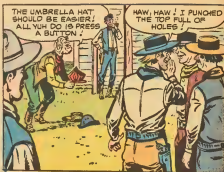
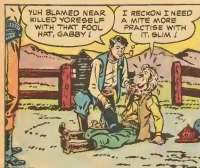
IT'S FOOLPROOF! YUH JUST KEEP PULLING AND-- ULP!

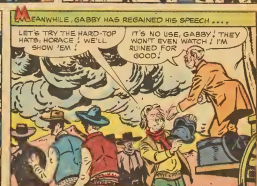
UGH! I'M STRANGLING! GASP!

OH DEAR! I'LL NEVER SELL A HAT NOW!

HALP! I CAN'T BREATHE! GASP! HALP!

HAW! HAW!









THE STORM FINALLY BREAKS, AND GIANT HAILSTONES POUND DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS ---



GABBY HAYES

Masters the MONSTERS

GET US JUST *ONE* BALE OF THE RARE *DOOHICKUS* PLANT FROM MONSTER VALLEY AND WE'LL PAY *TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!*

MONSTER VALLEY!
NO THANKS! KEEP YORE MONEY!

AWK! YOU'RE WASTING YORE TIME!

LOOKIT THEM YALLER COWPOKES! MAKES ME PLUMB ASHAMED FER THE WEST!

ATTENTION
MEN of RAWHIDE
HERE SEEKER
AGENT of EASTERN
DRUG COMPANY
HAS A MESSAGE
FOR YOU!

NO SANE MAN WOULD RISK THE POISONOUS PERILS OF MONSTER VALLEY -- BUT THAT DOESN'T BOTHER GABBY! THERE'S SURE TO BE CHUCKLES AND CHILLS WHEN THE FEARLESS FOREMAN **MASTERS THE MONSTERS!**

HEY, JED DROOL! YUH ALWAYS CLAIM YUH'LL DO *ANYTHING* FER MONEY! HERE'S YORE CHANCE!

SURE! FER TWO THOUSAND *SINGLEONS* I WILL DO ANYTHING -- *EXCEPT COMMIT SOOESIDE!* THAT CONSERVED PLACE IS PACKED SOLID WITH *GILA MONSTERS!*

DADBURN IT! I *AIN'T* AFERAED! I'LL GET ALL THE DOOHICKUS YUH WANT!

AH! YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN! I KNOW IT'S RISKY, BUT THE PLANT GROWS NOWHERE ELSE!

WAIT FER ME AT THE BAR
NOTHING RANCH! I GOT A
LONG TREK ACROSS THE
DESERT AFORE I TANGLE
WITH THEM LEELE MONSTERS!

GOOD LUCK!

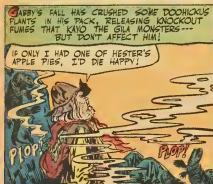
OH DEAR! I HOPE HE
KNOWS OF THE STRANGE
TOWERS OF THE
DOOWICKUS! WHEN
CRUSHED, THE PLANT
EMITS A G'S STRONG
ENOUGH TO KNOCK
OUT MOST GROWN
MEN!

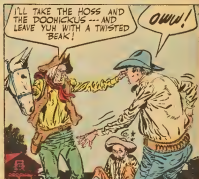
GREEDY JED DROOL FOLLOWS GABBY...

I CAN STILL GET THE TWO THOUSAND
BUCKS! AFTER GIBBY TAKES THE RISKS
AND DOES THE HARD WORK-- I'LL
TAKE OVER!

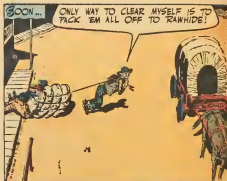
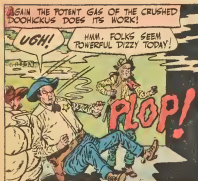




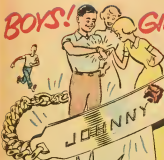








BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY! —BE THE FIRST TO OWN
THIS BEAUTIFUL
**IDENTIFICATION
BRACELET!**



**with
YOUR OWN NAME
and BIRTHSTONE!**
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

ONLY

25¢

WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY
SMITH BROTHERS BOX
Send to: SMITH BROTHERS
P. O. Box 348, Providence R.I.



HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just fill in the coupon below and send it in with 25¢ and the front cover of any Smith Brothers box. You'll get a beautiful bracelet finished in Nickel Silver right away!

Please Print information below and send to:
Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 348, Providence, R.I.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Do you want birthstone? Yes ☐ No ☐

If Yes, give month of birth

NAME FOR BRACELET (16 letters or less)

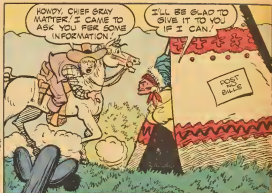
Wrist Size: large ☐ small ☐

FOR
ADVENTURE
WITH
COLOR
EXCITEMENT, AND
TOPS IN
THRILLS

CALL FOR
ONLY FAWCETT
MAGAZINES ...
I0¢
COMIC
SENSATIONS!



CHIEF GRAY MATTER



Captain Tootsie

**SAVES
LITTLE
SALLY!**

By BILL SCHREIBER

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS ARE WATCHING THE WORLD SERIES GAME ON A NEARBY ROOF

MAY I HAVE THE GLASSES, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE?

COME ON, TOD!

STRIKE HIM OUT!

O.K. ROLLO, YOU TAKE THE BIGNOCULARS WHILE I HAVE MY FAVORITE CANDY... ENERGY GIVING TOOTSIE ROLL!

OH BOY, TOD WILLIAMS IS HITTING A LONG ONE... IT'S HITTING THE TOOTSIE ROLL SIGN... IT'S A HOME RUN!

WHILE EVERYONE ON THE ROOF IS EXCITINGLY WATCHING THE GAME, MARYBELLE'S LITTLE SISTER SALLY HAS PULLED AWAY FROM MARYBELLE'S CLASP - TOSSELING TOWARD THE EDGE...

LOOK, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! LITTLE SALLY HAS GOT AWAY - LOOK SHE'S WALKING TO THE EDGE!

QUICKLY - IN THREE LONG STRIDES CAPTAIN TOOTSIE FIRMLY GRASPS THE TOT'S ARM - SAVES HER FROM MAKING THAT FATAL LAST STEP...

WOW! JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME! SALLY, YOU HOLD ONTO SISTER'S HAND HEREAFTER!

THANK YOU CAPTAIN TOOTSIE - WE'RE THE GIRL'S PARENTS. HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?

PLEASE FORGET IT! SHE'S WORTH SAVING! BUT SHE SHOULDN'T BE ON THE ROOF!

WE HAD ENOUGH EXCITEMENT UP HERE - NOW LET'S ALL HAVE SOME DELICIOUS TOOTSIE ROLLS AND SEE THE REST OF THE GAME... WHAT'S THE SCORE?

IT'S ALL TIED UP!

THANKS, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

**Tootsie
POPS
2¢**

CHERRY
CHOCOLATE
ORANGE
LEMON
LIME

**BOYS! GIRLS! TRY THOSE DELICIOUS
TOOTSIE POPS! AND THE
POPULAR, LUSCIOUS
TOOTSIE ROLL,
TOO!**

**Tootsie
Roll**

only 5¢

DELICIOUS
CHEWY
TOOTSIE ROLL
CENTER

YOUNG FALCON

THE GIANT OF THE HILLS

YOUNG FALCON is known throughout the West as a lone huntsman, a foe of evil and a friend of the good!

One day while hunting through the tall hills two Braves cross his path.....

FRIENDS...OUR PATHS HAVE CROSSED! MAY GOOD FORTUNE BE ON US ALL!

YES, FRIEND! BY YOUR WORDS YOU HAVE TOLD US YOU HUNT THROUGH THESE HILLS! OURS IS NO SUCH PLEASURE!

WE ARE ADVANCE SCOUTS FOR THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF OUR TRIBE! THEY FOLLOW US THROUGH THESE HILLS!

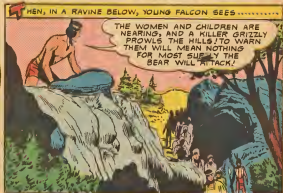
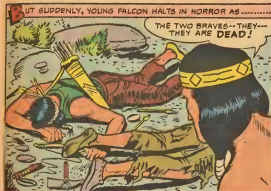
I MUST GO ON AFTER THE RED FOX BEFORE HIS TRAIL GROWS COLD! PERHAPS I WILL SEE YOU WHEN I RETURN THIS WAY!

LATER, YOUNG FALCON RETURNS ALONG THE SAME TRAIL WITH A FINE, NEW PELT.....

MY TWO FRIENDS CANNOT BE FAR AHEAD! BROTHER FOX WAS CAUGHT QUICKER THAN I'D HOPED AND I WOULD SHOW THEM THIS PELT!

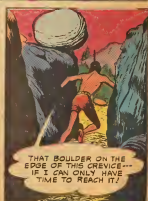
OUR PEOPLE ARE MOVING CAMP AND, THOUGH OUR FELLOW WARRIORS CROSS THE PLAINS WHERE THERE IS DANGER FROM OUR ENEMIES, OUR CHIEF HAS WISELY DECIDED TO SEND THE WOMEN AND LITTLE ONES OVER THE HILLS!

GOOD! WE WILL WELCOME YOU! TILL THEN---GOOD HUNTING!

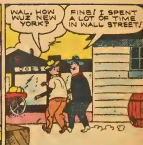


THERE IS ONLY ONE THING TO
DO! I MUST FOLLOW THE
GIANT BEAR'S TRACKS AND
FIND HIM BEFORE HE FINDS
THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!









Now You Can Get **GABBY HAYES WESTERN** Each Month, By Mail
(Please print your name clearly in pencil!)

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

YES, send me **GABBY HAYES WESTERN** every month.

I am enclosing \$ in full payment.

Name

Address

City Zone State

Subscription Rates for U. S. and Possessions
and Pan America

(CHECK ONE)

☐ 12 Issues for \$1.20

☐ 24 Issues for \$2.25

☐ 36 Issues for \$3.00

Sorry, no subscriptions sent to Canada.
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GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
YOUR FRIENDS

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

YES, send **GABBY HAYES WESTERN** every month to the names below, as my gift.

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

Name

Address

City Zone State

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

My gift card should read.....

I enclose \$ for the above orders.

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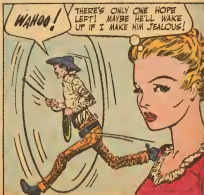
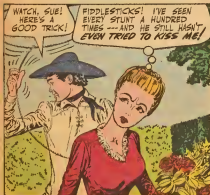
and The RELUCTANT BEAU

Lasso

YEOW! I WROTE
MY NAME AND ROPED
A BUTTERFLY AT
THE SAME TIME!
RECKON I'M THE
BEST ROPER EVER!

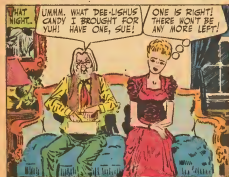
OH DEAR! WON'T
LASSO EVER STOP
SHOWING OFF LONG
ENOUGH TO PROPOSE
MARRIAGE?

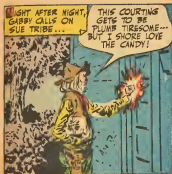
GABBY LOVES TO EAT! LASSO
HEMP LOVES TO ROPE! AND
SUE TRIBE LOVES LASSO! WHEN
THIS UNROMANTIC TRIANGLE GOES
ROMANTIC THE STRANGE RESULTS
FORCE ACTION EVEN FROM
THE RELUCTANT BEAU!

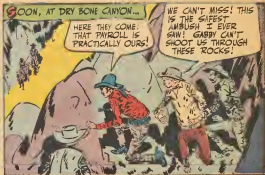














AT LAST THE RANGE WILL BE FREE OF GABBY HAYES. RECKON ALL OUTLAWS WILL CHIP IN TO GIVE ME A REWARD!



CAREFUL SLICK! MAYBE YOU'LL COLLECT LEAD INSTEAD OF GOLD!



GABBY AND LASSO FIGHT BACK VALIANTLY, UNTIL THEIR AMMUNITION RUNS LOW!

WE'RE GONERS, GABBY! IF WE RUN FOR IT THEY CAN PICK US OFF EASY!

WE AIN'T A-RUNNING!



BEFORE IT'S ALL OVER, I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FER BEING JEALOUS! RECKON YORE THE BETTER MAN, GABBY.

YEP! RECKON I AM! BUT I COURTED SUE ONLY BECAUSE I LIKED CANDY SO MUCH. UHMM!



THAT GAL LOVES YUH, LASSO! YUH COULD WIN HER IF YUH JUST TRIED!

SHE LOVES ME? WHAT A TIME TO FIND OUT! JUST BEFORE I DIE!



WE AIN'T DEAD YET! I'VE BEEN FIGGERING OUT SOMETHING!

WHY ARE YOU TYING TWO LARIATS TOGETHER?



JUST DO LIKE I SAY! HERE'S YORE CHANCE TO USE ALL OF YORE ROPING SAVVY!







THIS CHRISTMAS ASK DAD FOR A

ROADMASTER

the *BICYCLE*
with **BUMPERS!**



● Rugged side bumpers protect the beautiful finish of Roadmaster whenever it is dropped or laid on the ground ...or poked against a building...keeps your bicycle looking nice for years!

A brilliant brake-operated stoplight for safety

The exclusive Roadmaster horn in tonk

Only Roadmaster has the famous Shockmaster coil barrel-spring fork

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Roadmaster has a Searchbeam Headlight—not a flashlight

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ROADMASTER

West 117th Street & Berea Road Cleveland 7, O
SHOW THIS FOLDER TO MOM AND DAD!

Mail this coupon now for a colorful folder on the beautiful new Roadmasters. Show it to Mom and Dad. Tell them this is the bicycle you want for Christmas.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

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Roadmaster

— SMARTEST TO OWN
— SAFEST TO RIDE

GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN IT!

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes



SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 25¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 15¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

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Nashville 3, Tennessee

2 NEW DAISY

TARGET OUTFITS

READY FOR Christmas!



Get
The Famous **RED RYDER** 1860-1865

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Be a cowboy sharpshooter! Own and shoot this husky RED RYDER CARBINE! It looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. Yours for only \$4.95! OR BETTER STILL... buy Daisy's great Target Set—get all this: RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BBS; SHOOTING & SCOPE MANUAL. Target R-T-N-G-S when "bull" is hit. COMPLETE SET in big carton, \$7.50.

NEW AMAZING 2-WAY TARGET SET with CONVERTIBLE PUMP GUN

Amazing air rifle idea! now shoot regular steel BBs on new, safe, Jumbo Cork Ball indoor ammunition with same gun! COMPLETE OUTFIT has: Famous, accurate hard-hitting "2-in-1" PUMP GUN (a 50-shot repeater, one bolt "take apart" model, pump "action," walnut finish stock, "gold" engraved jacket!); 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; CARDS and 350 BBs for regular BB shooting; EXTRA CORK-BALL SHOOTING BARREL (inserted in a jiffy); 10 JUMBO 50 CALIBRE CORK-BALLS (re-usable!); 5 KNOCKDOWN INDOOR TARGETS; SHOOTING & SCOPE DOPE MANUAL. COMPLETE OUTFIT in big carton, only \$9.95. Daisy Pump Gun ALONE, with BB shooting barrel, \$8.95!

DAISY AIR RIFLE CATALOG

ADVANCE DOPE

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DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. 1295, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.
I enclose 10c plus unused 3c stamp. Send me postpaid, Advance Dope on DAISY TARGET COMPETITION plus brand new, colored DAISY AIR RIFLE CATALOG!

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FATHER'S NAME.

At your Dealers!

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COMPLETE OUTFIT

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POSTPAID from FACTORY with Official Target Cards, for 70c or 65c at your nearest Daisy dealer!

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THE TEEN TITANS

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